Per. May ſee the ſea hath caſt upon your coaſt.

2. What a drunken knave was the ſea,
To caſt thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the winde,
In that vaſt Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play upon, intreates you pitty him:
He askes of you, that never uſde to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg?
Heer's them in our Country of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, than we can doe with working.

2. Canſt thou catch any Fiſhes then?

Per. I never practiz'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt ſtarve ſure; for heere's nothing to be got now-adayes, unleſſe thou canſt fiſh for't.

Per. What I have beene, I have forget to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throngd up with cold, my veines are chill,
And have no more of life, than may ſuffice
To give my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you ſhall refuſe, when I am dead,
For that I am a man pray ſee me buried.

1 Die ke-tha, now gods forbid, I have a gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore me a handſome fellow: Come, thou ſhalt goe home, and wee'l have fleſh for all day, fiſh for faſting dayes and more; or Puddings and Flap-jacks, and thou ſhalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you ſir.

2. Hearke you, my friend, You ſaid you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2. But crave? then Ile turne craver too,
And ſo I ſhall ſcape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers were whipt, I would wiſh no better office, than to be Beadle. But Maſter, Ile goe draw the Net.

Per. How well this honeſt mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hearke you ſir, doe you know where ye are?

Per.

Per. Not well.

1. I tell you, this is called *Pan*
And our King, the good *Symon*

Per. The good King *Symonid*

1. I ſir, and he deſerves ſo to
For his peaceable raigne, and go

Per. He is a happy King, ſince
His Subjects, the name of good
How farre is his Court diſtant fr

1. Marry ſir halfe a dayes jour
faire daughter, and to morrow
Princes and Knights come from
and Turney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equall
I could wiſh to make one there.

1, O ſir, things muſt be as they
cannot get, he may lawfully deal

Enter the two Fiſher-me

2. Helpe, Maſter, helpe, heere
poore mans right in the law, twi
on't, tis come at laſt, and tis turn

Per. An Armour, friends, I pr
Thankes Fortune, yet that after a
Thou giveſt me ſomewhat to rep
And though it was mine own par
Which my dead father did bequea
With this ſtrict charge, even as he
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it hath bee
Twixt me and death: and pointed
For that it ſaved me; keepe it in l
The which the gods protect thee, f
t kept where I kept, I ſo dearely l
till the rough Seas (that ſpares not
booke it in rage, though calm'd ha
thanke thee for't, my ſhipwrack
nce I have here my fathers gift in

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